

A Small Navigational Error...Pt 5

by hollywood7301

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A Small Navigational Error...Pt 5

> <meta name="Generator"> It had been a week

Okayâ€|Disclaimer Timeâ€|this is my first Fanfic, so please bear with me. As we all know, George Lucas is Da Man, and he owns everything in the story except the Piper and John, so mucho props to my man Lucas. "Man, wouldn't it be cool if George put out Episode I on DVD?" Smacks forehead "Whatta concept!"

Rating: "R". Not really "R" material, but hey, I'm being consistent.

Read the first four parts firstâ€|

A Small Navigational Errorâ€|Part 5- the conclusion.

It had been a week.

The Trade Federation Viceroy and his aides had been transported back to Coruscant three days prior, and the celebration that had culminated with the Queen giving the Globe of Peace to Boss Nass had stretched far into the night. Theed was quiet again, with an occasional bustle of activity from a store or apartment as its residents set themselves on resuming their lives.

For the most part, Amidala settled herself into the matters that

Governor Bibble and Panaka brought to her attention as part of the rebuilding from the occupation. The Naboo culture was one of harmonizing with their surroundings, and the matter of having to retrieve the ruined army of battle droids, tanks and transports from Theed and the great plain to the west was no small task, and it required most of her time. But she still found a couple of minutes here and there to go steal Anakin from his training with Qui-gon, and together they would go to the medical bay near her quarters and check on a friend.

"Has there been any change?" The Queen asked the nurse that was on duty. The nurse bowed and shook her head. "None, your Highness."

Amidala put an arm on Anakin's shoulder to comfort the boy-and herself, she thought. The stranger who had literally dropped out of the sky a week before had willingly fought alongside her for Naboo's freedom. _We are in his debt, as we are so many others. But my people fought for their homes. He fought without question, because he saw a wrong that needed to be righted. _A small smile appeared on her powdered face as she looked at the figure suspended in the bacta tank._ Yes, Qui-gon, he does have the heart of a Jedi._

"Master, do you think the council will want to test him?" Obi-wan looked over to the window where Qui-gon was standing.

"I don't know, Obi-wan." Qui-gon, despite his worry, smiled. "Old habits?" His former padawan had referred to him as "Master" again.

Obi-wan, nodded, understanding. "Yes, Mas-" He cut himself off, and grinned. "Qui-gon. â€|Old habits, indeed."

The two Jedi Knights smiled at each other again before Qui-gon spoke. "Come. Let's see where the Queen has taken my padawan."

They knew exactly where to look.

Anakin heard the soft hiss of the door and could feel his Master's presence approach him, as well as Obi-wan's. He turned around, his eyes holding worry for the man in the suspended in the bacta tank. "He's still the same, Master, sir. Is he still resting?"

Qui-gon kneeled in front of the boy, putting a hand on his shoulder. "Yes, my padawan, he is still resting. He needs time to heal." The boy's face spoke of uncertainty and frustration that he could not do anything to help. "Ani, do you remember when we went swimming in the river a couple of days ago?" The boy nodded. Qui-gon, Obi-wan, Padme and Rabe had taken him to the Noms river that ran through Theed to go swimming.

"Do you remember the current?" The Jedi Master looked at the boy. "Remember the rock you held on to when you tired of swimming?" Anakin

nodded, remembering being able to drift downstream, letting the river carry him effortlessly before turning around to swim back upstream where Padme and the others were. He had been swimming for a long time, and the current seemed to be getting stronger. He was getting tired. He saw a rock in the shallow water, the top jutting a foot above the surface. Anakin struggled over to the rock and managed to sit himself on the upstream side of the rock facing the current. He sat there, resting, and feeling the current wash over his body in a seemingly never-ending surge of energy.

"Right now, John is drifting with the current of the force," Qui-gon said. "He needs to find a rock to anchor himself to, so that the force will flow through him, instead of carrying him."

The boy nodded, understanding the analogy. Qui-gon stood, and looked over at the bacta tank. "Obi-wan, will you take Anakin out for a while?"

"Yes, of course, Qui-gon." Obi-wan replied, knowing what his former Master was going to do. He looked down at Anakin. "Come Anakin. We shall go out into the city this afternoon."

As his Padawan and Obi-wan left, Qui-gon turned to the Queen. "Your highness, I will keep you informed of any changes of his condition."

The Queen had remained silent since Qui-gon and walked into the medical bay. Now she spoke. "What are you going to do?" Her face remained expressionless underneath her make-up, but her eyes held confusion and hope.

"I'm going to find him," Qui-gon replied. "and give him a rock to anchor to. Without it, the force cannot help him."

The Queen looked back at the bacta tank before leaving to return to her matters of state.

"I pray that you succeed, Master Jedi."

In the bacta tank, John's eyes fluttered briefly, and were still again.

—

You came to this place for a reason, you knowâ€|

Balance must be maintained, and restored when it is necessaryâ€|

Life cannot exist without balanceâ€|

John found himself askingâ€|who is thereâ€|who are youâ€|

There is fate, and there is destiny ..

Fate will leave choices in front of youâ€|

Destiny is the choice you make from what Fate gives youâ€|

You will have a choice to make soonâ€|

John slowly came to the realization that he was with his father.
Howâ€|whyâ€|

He thought he could detect a hint of amusement.

The how and the why are inconsequential, son. What is of consequence is the choice you will be asked to make.

Open your eyes, sonâ€|

John slowly opened his eyes and looked around. He wasâ€|inâ€|where was heâ€|it looked likeâ€|grandfather's ranch? They stood facing each other across a campfire pit-but there was no fire burning. The stars over head slowly rotated, impossibly bright and clear. They were at their favorite clearing, where they would often go to sit and talk when he was a boy.

"Dadâ€|why am I here? Why thisâ€|place?"

His father smiled. "We figured you'd feel comfortable here. Nice, ain't it?"

John looked around again. A soft breeze was blowing, gently moving the trees, causing the leaves to whisper. A full moon hung high above, bathing everything in a soft white incandescent glow.

He felt calm. But, there was something tickling the back of his mindâ€|

He looked at his father again. He stood there, with a small, knowing smile on his face.

"I'm not meant for this place, am I?"

"No, sonâ€|you're not. Well, not yet." His father smiled wider.
"You're here because you're looking for something."

John thought. He didn't know what he was looking for. He couldn't remember why he was here, either. He slowly realized that he couldn't remember much of anythingâ€|

His father spoke again, a gentle reproach. "Open your eyes, son."

"But, they'reâ€|" John trailed off as he watched his father turn and walk into the woods. "Dad, wait!"

His father turned around and smiled again. "â€|bye, son."

"Where I am going, you cannot followâ€|"

"â€|yetâ€|"

A small flame at the base of the campfire pit appeared and started to grow.

Inside the bacta tank, John's eyes started fluttering again.

—

—

"Pull him out." Qui-gon looked at the nurse who had told him that doing so would almost certainly kill him.

His hand passed in front of the nurse's face. "I need you to pull him out, and ready a bed for him." He felt a little guilt at using the Force to nudge the nurse's mind. _I should have just asked the Queen_—no, she probably preferred that I do this my way—_

— —

The nurse's eyes glazed slightly, and she nodded. She started over to the control panels, and Qui-gon paused. He felt something—

He looked over at John. He could feel him, now. It was faint, but for the first time in a week, Qui-gon could feel John's presence in the Force. _Something's happened._ The bacta was almost completely drained out of the tank now, and the nurse opened the hatch, and Qui-gon immediately reached in, placing one hand on John's forehead, and his other gently cupping the underside of his jaw.

The Jedi Master closed his eyes, and started searching for his new friend.

John felt it at once, knowing that it was a familiar presence, but who was it? He tried to reach out to the presence, but found himself too far away to reach him. He felt helpless. _It's like seeing a flashlight of a rescue party a mile away, and they can't see you—_

—

—

Qui-gon gently probed and searched the force, moving with a measured pace. He did not want to miss his friend's presence. _Is that—_

—

Qui-gon. That's who it is—it's Qui-gon—he's here to help me—

—
_There you are, my friend. We've been looking for you, Obi-wan and I. Hold on, my friend. _Qui-gon's eyes remained closed, but a small smile slowly spread across his face. He directed himself to John's presence.

—
Qui-gon?

Yes, my friend, it's me. Are you ready?

Ready? For what?

Stay focused on me, like you did in the woods. Stay focused on my presenceâ€|

—
Qui-gon let out a deep breath, and opened himself fully to the living Force, letting it surge through him. He started to direct a small part of it to John.

Suddenly Qui-gon's presence becameâ€|biggerâ€|brighterâ€|louderâ€|John couldn't define it in a corporeal way, but Qui-gon's presence in him had definitely changed, and he was starting to direct a smallâ€|streamâ€|of it to him. Slowly, the stream increased and grew, until it seemed that Qui-gon was holding him, somehow, letting the full power of the living Force flow into and through him. John felt that if he was to let go from Qui-gon, he would be pulled away from him, flowing with the current of the Force.

He could feel himself becoming strongerâ€|.

Another voice, very faint, but recognizable, whispered to him.

—
"Open your eyes, sonâ€|"

—

Qui-gon's eyes came open and he looked down at John. He didn't sever his bond with him, not yet, but he could feel something in the man, and he removed his hands.

John's eyes started to move underneath his eyelids and slowly started to open.

John world slowly came into view. After a moment's reflection, he realized he was looking at a ceiling. He let his eyes wander over it,

taking in the intricate patterns that had been carved into the marble? _Is this a hospital? Is that where I'm at?_ He tilted his head slowly to the left and saw Qui-gon looking at him.

—

How are you feeling, my friend? Qui-gon's voice was a quiet echo in his mind.

John tried to speak, but all that came out was a dry croak. He leaned his head forward, and croaked again. Qui-gon motioned to the nurse that was hovering behind him, and she handed the Jedi a cup of water.

"Here you are." The Jedi reached over and raised John's head a little, and when John's hand reached out for the cup, he handed it to him. "Take a small sip."

John sipped the water. It seemed that his entire mouth was made of cotton-the water was simply absorbed into his mouth. He took a couple more small sips, and finally swallowed a bit of water. This time when he spoke, he was understood.

"Thanks. Where am I?" His strength left him, and Qui-gon set his head back down on the pillow. He looked over at Qui-gon, waiting for the Jedi's answer.

Qui-gon smiled. "You're in the Queen's personal medical bay. You've been injured, but you're going to be fine." Qui-gon turned and motioned for the nurse to contact the Queen, Obi-wan and his padawan. They would surely want to see he was finally awake. "You've some people who wish to see you."

"Howâ€¦did weâ€¦" John's voice betrayed his fatigue, and he was trying to fight to stay awake.

Qui-gon stopped him. "Don't try to talk too much. They just want to see that you're awake and well. Besides, I'm sure you've many questions you would like to ask?"

John nodded his head and managed a small smile. _I'm sure I look like I've been run over byâ€¦_

--

"â€¦A droid battle tank?" Qui-gon had been sensing his thoughts. He chuckled. "You shouldn't worry about that right now."

At this, the door to the medical bay opened, and the Queen, followed by Rabe, Obi-wan and Anakin came through the door. The Queen approached the bed John was laying on.

—

Dammit. Johnny-boy, why is it that every time you meet royalty, you have a habit of looking like crap or beingâ€¦well, naked? He had glanced at his body-his lower torso was bandaged, and his right arm was bandaged as well._ But why does it look like I'm wearing a diaper?_ John silently berated himself for not being able to have a

sheet handy. Qui-gon rose and bowed to the Queen, grinning slightly. He could sense John's embarrassment at being bandaged and half-naked in the presence of a Queen.

"Hello, John. We are all greatly relieved to have you awake and back with us." Amidala, despite using her "royalty" voice, was grinning from ear to ear. "We are in your debt for what you have done. Now, you must rest. My handmaiden Rabe will be staying here to attend to you. I have commanded her to care for your every need." The Queen flashed another grin. "And I command _you_ to start making a swift recovery."

John couldn't help but smile at this. "Yes ma'am," was all he managed to say, though. This Queen's generosity wasâ€¦_Damnâ€¦_If I DON'T get better, will I be imprisoned? _He chuckled slightly, even though it hurt his chest to do so.

Amidala stepped back, letting Anakin walk over. "How are you feeling?" The boy asked impatiently-he wanted to tell John all about the Battle of Theed and how he blew up the control ship.

"Padawan, you can tell him later." Qui-gon could sense Anakin's excitement. "He needs his rest."

John reached out and patted Anakin on the arm. "What are you going to tell me, Anakin?"

"Well, it's about how I blew up the control ship." The boy's eyes were a mixture of pride and excitement.

John's eyes grew wider. _Anakin_ was the one who disabled that ship? He remembered the Queen talking about it, when she was briefing them on the then-upcoming battle. "Anakinâ€¦_I have got to hear this oneâ€¦_butâ€¦_how aboutâ€¦_tomorrowâ€¦_" Boy, he was getting tired quickly.

Anakin nodded. He'd be sure not to miss the opportunity.

Obi-wan stepped over and smiled. "I'm glad to see you awake. We shall talk later-for we much to talk of." He looked at Qui-gon, and the two Jedi exchanged a subtle look. He motioned to Anakin, and the two of them said their good-byes, and walked towards the door.

"Come, Master Jedi, let us leave." Amidala spoke. "We must permit him his rest. Rabe, take care of your charge." The handmaiden bowed, and went to find a blanket for her charge. Amidala leaned close to John's ear and spoke softly. "Rest now, Johnâ€¦_thank you." She straightened, turned and glided from the room with the Jedi in tow.

—

_Well, I guess it's safe to assume we wonâ€¦_glad the boy's okayâ€¦_man, I'm tiredâ€¦_. _John's eye's closed, and he drifted off to sleep. Rabe and the Nurse came over to the bed, covering up his sleeping form, and sitting down to keep watch over one of the Heros of the Battle of Theed.

His recovery, like the Naboo's, was beginning.

THE END.

Author's note: Okayâ€|so I know it kind of leaves you hanging somewhat (or depending on your perspective, ran way too longâ€|), but never fear (groan) I plan on writing another story as a sequel to "A Small Navigational Error," with the continuing adventures of everyone's favorite foul-mouthed Texas pilot in the Star Wars Universe. A big "Thank You" to the feedback and encouragement that I've gotten-I really do appreciate it. Comments, please e-mail me, and thanks for reading the long-winded pile of !@%\$ I call "A Small Navigational Error."

-hollywood

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End
file.